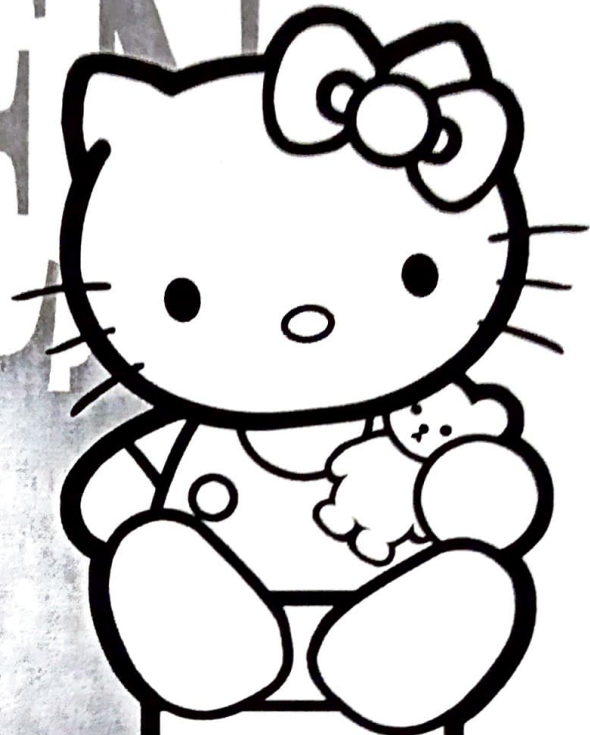


OMEN



OFF ON

Happy Valentine's Day.

Volume 20
Number 1
February 14, 2003



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Volume 19, Number 6

December 6, 2002

layout & editing

Justin Philpot	Prog-Rock
Beth Day	Industrial
Laura Torres	Emo
Jeffrey Paternostro	Indie
Alli Hartley	Feminist Folk
Rosalina Valdez	Nu-Metal
Aaron Buchsbaum	Acid Jazz
Michael Zole	Trip-Hop
John Wibel	Elevator Muzak
Matthew Montgomery	Fingernails-On-Chalkboard

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HANK:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Dave Frankel



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Justin Philpot **Enfield 65C, Box 1448, x4893**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to jup97@hampshire.edu.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu

Did you actually write 'vulva'?

quote attributed to Justin Philpot

some editorials

by: Michael Zole, columnist

PASS THE MIC PART 1

By the time you read this I will already be dead. By "dead", of course, I mean "no longer the editor of the *Omen*". After presiding over about 15 issues (each one smooth sailing through calm seas, I'm pleased to say), I've decided to step down and concentrate on more important things, like *Metroid Prime* and *The Legend of Zelda: Wind Waker*. And my Div III, I guess.

I consider my tenure as editor a success, and I think merely by assuming the role I disproved some misconceptions about the *Omen*. For all the perception that the *Omen* is published by and for a small clique, I managed to become editor without being affiliated with the clique. I've always believed that if you can read the *Omen*, you can write for it, and with my editorship I think I backed that up.

In my last executive decision as editor, I am reintroducing the *Omen* staff. Two years ago, we eliminated the "staff" listing on the second page to present a less cliquey, more accessible image. It didn't work. So from now, the people who are responsible for making the *Omen* happen week after week are going to get recognized. This goes for the editor, proofreaders, and the columnists who provide the all-important content on a regular basis.

Based on the new staff policy, I have split my job into two jobs: the new Editor-in-Chief will oversee the issue and general *Omen* matters, while the brand new Layout Editor will be in charge of laying out the issue so it looks nice, making Adobe InDesign his or her bitch if

continued on page 5

PASS THE MIC PART 2

I'm the Editor? Shit. I didn't even get flowers.

With the printing and distribution of this issue, the *Omen* turns 10. That's old. There are cars that can't last that long without major engine re-hauling. And when you consider how many publications start up and within a year are balled up and hurled into the wastes, 10 looks ancient. Rosie O'donnell started a magazine and before she could say "koosh" the thing was in debt and she didn't want to play anymore. And it sucked. Not a good combination. Lets face it, if you can't make money sucking, it's time to throw in the kneepads and whore yourself to Maxwell House.

It's all the more surprising that the *Omen* has been around this long when you consider the kind of turnover student groups have on this campus. I can't even begin to imagine how many collectives, discussion groups and naked hippy rain-dancing troupes have started, faltered, and disappeared. Two groups that stand out in my memory were started by the same guy, one after the other; The Militant Grammarians of Massachusetts and The Red Meat Collective got their initial group funding and ran for the hills, determined to establish a utopia of well-done steak and perfect syntax. Then he transferred to an ivy-league school, and the loose knit group of meat lovers and future editors melted back into the rich tapestry that is disenchantment. He is sorely missed.

And then there are the "scandals" littering the *Omen*'s past. Stupid - every single one - stupid. Either there were people involved with the *Omen* who sought out

continued on page 5 **policy**

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



by Justin Philpot, editor-in-chief



YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

by James Potter, contributor

After being gone for an issue (or 2...I can't remember), I've returned. This time I plan on being more committed and actually going through with my plan to become more than a just contributor. I want to be a columnist, with all of the fame and fortune that accompanies it (and by "fame and fortune," I mean that cool little box in the upper left hand corner of the article). Now that that's over with, I'm going to get on with the amazing, insightful, and dare I say genius record reviews. (Author's note: It has come to my immediate attention that I shouldn't have said genius, or amazing, or insightful for that matter...alienating the readers by being self-aggrandizing is a bad thing.)

Iron and Wine-The Creek Drank the Cradle (Sub Pop Records, 2002)

Iron and Wine is a one-man band hailing from Miami, Florida, which is a rather interesting base of operations considering the style of the music on his debut album, *The Creek Drank the Cradle*. Rather than sound like most of the other music coming out of Florida right now, i.e. all the teen-pop, "New Found Glory"-ish bands, and more screamo and metalcore than you can shake a stick at, Iron and Wine take a completely different road and end up somewhere in the Shenandoah Valley. With a lo-fi sound, and an overabundance of acoustic guitars and pedal steel, *The Creek Drank the Cradle* often sounds like a modern indie-pop interpretation of the soundtrack to the Coen Brother's *O Brother Where*

Art Thou? The track "Southern Anthem" is exemplary of this, sounding like a countrified Belle and Sebastian outtake. The harmonies on that track, and on the rest of the album, put quite a shine on what would otherwise sound like an undiscovered genius recording songs on a tape player for his significant other. While his sound is often like a less-polished Elliott Smith, and even more often like Sub Pop label-mates The Scud Mountain Boys (and on the track "An Angry Blade," frighteningly like Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young), Sam Beam, the man behind Iron and Wine, makes the album entirely his own. And while the entire record is a triumph of independent beauty, tracks such as "Promising Light," "The Rooster Moans," "Upward Over the Mountain," and "Weary Memory" make it more than worth the cost of the disc. Stop reading this, go out, and buy it.

Open Hand-The Dream (Trustkill Records, 2003)

Phone rings, someone picks it up: "Hello, can I play you some of the new things I've been through, which I think could be commercial..." This album is doomed from the first 25 seconds. I'm sure that Open Hand, four guys from Hollywood, CA and ex-members of bands like Not Waving But Drowning, and I Awake, thought that they were being clever and ironic when they included that sound clip at the beginning of their debut full length, but in reality, the clip is all too telling of the sound on the rest of the album. Sometimes sounding

like Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness-era Smashing Pumpkins with a double bass drum pedal, *The Dream* is competent but derivative melodic metalcore that ends up being laughable at points, especially on the fifth track, "This is the End," where the band breaks into a Bon Jovi-esque, stadium rock shout along chorus towards the end of the song. The one song on the entire album that shows even a little bit of promise is the sixth, "The Struggle," which starts off with an almost cookie-cutter world music sample of a female singing, with acoustic guitars and the sound of lead singer Justin Isham's good but bland vocals. After about a minute of being interesting though, it turns back to the awkward time changes, mid-90s "alterna-rock" vocals, and grating back up singing that is found on the rest of the album. At the end of the song, around minute 3, it starts to get interesting again, bringing the vocal sample from the beginning back into the mix, but over all, it's ruined by poor, misplaced singing on behalf of bass player, Jeff Meyer. This album also suffers greatly from the use of too much acoustic guitar that has been so produced as to sound synthesized, and lyrics so inane and simplistic that it makes you wonder if they were written by a 14 year old. Avoid this album if you can.

Sole-Selling Live Water (Anticon Records, 2003)

When you think of hip-

continued on next page

continued from page 3 PASS THE MIC PART 1

necessary. After a rigorous selection process (they expressed interest) I have selected Justin Philpot (F97) as the new editor and Aaron Buchsbaum (F01) as the layout editor. They will do a better job than me, but bear in mind that, individually, they will have less work to do.

It has always been fun working on the *Omen*, and it makes me sad that the recent entering classes seem less interested in joining student groups just for the hell of it. College is a great time to branch out and try new things, hopefully some of them non-drug-related, and writing 700 words every other week on a topic of your choice can be surprisingly satisfying. Local fame is yours for the taking. Plus you meet some tremendously engaging people by coming to *Omen* layout. People may call it a clique, but they're just jealous they're not down there with us, eating pizza and having urbane discussions on the wittier quips of Flavor Flav.

Well, that's it for me, kids. I'll still be writing articles until I graduate, Ryan Moore willing, but they won't be on the third page anymore. Keep reading the *Omen*, and write something, okay? Trust me, it's not that hard.



continued from previous page

hop, you probably don't think of Portland, Maine, but apparently growing up there, Sole, writer, vocalist, and producer member of the 8 person Anticon crew found enough inspiration to make a contender for the best rap record of the year. With lyrics like "If God gives you acid, burn," "I could have been a lot bigger by now, but I've loved being a threat," and "Living it up for our stereotypes and I know nothing, but at least I know; while they vote Green and drink their Espressos, discussing film festivals, all as a write-off," this is pissed off, Chomsky-read rap for the college student. His flow, while sometimes a little off-tempo and broken, is perfect with the

continued from page 3 PASS THE MIC PART 2

aggravation, (sometimes we call these people "assholes"), or there were people who felt, however wrong they were, that the *Omen* presented a reasonable, imminent threat to their well-being by publishing submissions sent in by members of the community. Lest you believe that these people were never wrong, there are official records proving otherwise. So let's drop it.

Let's get beyond the point of glorying over peoples' immaturity. Let's get beyond the point of glorying over other peoples' pain. Let's get over ourselves. There is no fight. Ten years in the *Omen* remains much as it was when it was conceived. If the *Omen* ever needs to defend itself, to validate its existence, it should be in the terms of having been a valuable, truly open community resource, and it's willingness to continue to be one. It is, I think, the only reason the *Omen* has lasted this long.

The *Omen* loves you.



YOU KNOW YOU . . .

production behind it, coming off musically like a hip-hop soundtrack to *The Crow*, with all of its darkness in tow, particularly on tracks 9 ("Slow, Cold Drops"), and 14 ("Selling Live Water"). As a matter of fact, on the Anticon Website, Alias, the man who produced most of the tracks on the album, describes his music as "Goth-hop." Track 11, "Pawn in the Game, pt. 2" sounds like what "Damn it Feels Good to be a Gangster" by the Geto Boys would sound like if it had been produced by Massive Attack, and during track 13, "Teepee on a Highway Blues," Sole even mentions the fact that he's "laughing at all my dot com buddies that got laid off,"

proving once again that this isn't your mainstream, TRL-aimed rap record. Additionally, the liner notes to the album are top notch, with all of the lyrics typed out (read them, for they deserve it), along with Sole's insightful explanation of what the song is about, so it makes perfect sense that the cover of the liner notes reads "The Official Tabletop Booklet for *Selling Live Water*, the Album." There is definitely a lot of hype building up for the Anticon crew, but Sole's *Selling Live Water* proves that, unlike a lot of the stuff being hyped out there right now, they deserve it.



BETTY AND VERONICA'S DATING SERVICE

Are you sick and tired of seeing that couple that sits together in Saga all the time? Do you want to be that couple? We can help! In the spirit of Valentine's Day, Betty and Veronica are helping to connect Hampshire College's single community. Here's what you do:

You send in your personal ad, picture optional, and we'll match you up with a potential love interest. An example of a satisfactory personal ad might be as follows:

Straight male, 6'2", with dark, dreaded hair seeks female interested in fencing, politics, and exotic cheeses. Must have a good sense of humor and enjoy nature walks. Hoping to meet over Saga mozzarella sticks in the near future.

Blond, blue-eyed female seeks companionship in either sex. Must have interest in animal rights, chess, and emo. Likes to play pool in the tavern and hang out with friends.

When Betty and Veronica receive your ad, they will go through a rigorous screening process and match you up with someone they deem compatible with your ad. They will then send your email address and ad to that person and visa versa, and the rest is up to you!

Please be honest and know that your ad may or may not be printed in the Omen. Send ads to bettyandveronicadating@hotmail.com. Be safe and responsible and have a good time!



THE OMEN GETS LOVE

Dear Omen,
Congratulations on 10 years of circulation. Editors have come and gone, and so have a few controversies, but The Omen keeps publishing.

The Omen has the knack for keeping the community entertained, shocked, enlightened, and in some instances, in stitches. I know I look forward to each issue because I know there will be something, somewhere within those pages that will keep my interest (okay, I admit, there are times I really have to search...). I can't forget to mention the creative covers... I have a few that I just cannot recycle!

Keep up the good work.

Stana Wheeler

by: Bryce R. Covert and Devon Balfour, contributor

A FRESH LOOK AT HAMPSHIRE THROUGH THE EYES OF A TRANSFER

A Fresh Look at Hampshire through the Eyes of a Transfer

Ahh, Hampshire. Finally I have been admitted into thy halls of independent learning. I have eagerly awaited my lessons on how to balance work, discipline, and more slack-ing and free time than I can shake a proverbial stick at.

Until late December of last year, I was a student of Cook College in Rutgers University. My presence here should be ample proof that said college was NOT to my liking. I found myself stifled by boring class material, brushed off with busy work, and lost in a sea of numbers, rather than a student body. Not to mention Rutgers football sucks. The only plus side of the only football game I ever attended there was befriending a lesbian, and confusing said lesbian's roommate. But I digress. I don't even LIKE college football.

I really hated Rutgers, and I really liked Hampshire. I had some friends up here, and enjoyed myself greatly every time I came to visit. I became interested in Hampshire's unique views on academics, study habits, and student motivation. And so, mustering all of my bullshitting skills, applied. And here I am. A Hampster.

Hampshire is quite a bit different, when looking at it from the inside. And its benefits really shine, in comparison to other colleges. At Rutgers, the dining hall was a 7-12 minute walk, depending on weather. Classes

took 20 minutes to get to, bare minimum. And off-campus courses or excursions left you stuck in New Brunswick traffic. In case you didn't know, Rutgers is located in New Jersey, the most densely populated state in America. And evidently, every single goddamned one of them are sitting in their cars in New goddamned Brunswick, deliberately causing traffic so that it takes 45 minutes to drive 6 miles. If that. But I'm not bitter. Not me.

The scale of Hampshire is refreshing. I can walk to any of my classes in five minutes, even if it is fucking Massachusetts outside. It is a bit colder here than in Jersey. I especially like the fact that I'm including stopping in Saga for a quick bagel in that five minutes. I also find myself involved in extra-curricular activities here. I've barely been here a week, and I'm involved in three or four activities, depending on how the calendar falls. I think that goes along with the free time issue. If I wasn't writing for the Omen, I'd prolly go STARK RAVING MAD.

Now, my intention is not to deify the institution of Hampshire College. Far from it, actually. In the precious few days I have spent here, I have jumped through more hoops, fallen into more pitfalls, and negotiated more nuances than I ever had to do at Rutgers. Not to mention the evil spawn that is The Hub. Honestly, how can you expect a system designed for large universities with multi-hundred student courses be applicable to

getting 17 Div Is into Video I out of a LARGE pool of interested students? But enough ranting about something everyone hates. Let's discuss our illustrious Dining Hall! The one that closes at 7:00...and gets me nauseous every time I try something other than salad or bagels...Oh! I'm sorry, I was going to stop ranting about things everyone hates. My bad.



Hampshire College Football!



Undefeated Since 1970!



Beth sez GRRRI!

So I promised a happy Omen article. In honor of this issue coming out on Valentine's Day (or Valentine's Day as I usually say), maybe it's appropriate. I write enough about the things I dislike about Hampshire, so I thought it might be time to write an article about the things I like about Hampshire. But I don't want to really get into the academic system, more the odd little things about this place I enjoy. I certainly enjoy the freedom Hampshire gives me, but thinking too much about the academics will invariably lead me to the bitter feelings I'm trying to avoid. To make it harder, I won't even talk about all things NS. I simply want to think long and hard about the things that make Hampshire such a quirky and enjoyable place

The lovely land that surrounds us. Have you ever stopped and looked around and realized how truly beautiful a place we live in? It's like idealized New England: small farms, small mountains, traditional New England style towns and houses. When it's autumn it's all-out-amazing-the-hills-are-on-fire foliage. In the winter, as tired as I get of the snow, I have to admit it looks beautiful. I also doubt that spring is as great of a joyous occasion anywhere else as it seems to be here, despite all of the unpredictability of spring weather. We have all these awesome trails through the woods and the farm

SWEARING OFF THE BITTER OLDER STUDENT

on Hampshire property, and many more trails that are also easy to reach.

The Pine Forest and the Hampshire Tree. I love these two places. I have many fond memories of fires with friends in the Pine Forest telling stories, and many lovely bonding experiences at the Hampshire Tree. The best was my first and second year when they planted alfalfa by the Hampshire Tree, so you could lie down and disappear in the cool alfalfa, and stare up at the amazing stars. There's another thing I really like...

The sky at Hampshire, both day and night. I've lived the entirety of my life previous to Hampshire 10 minutes outside of Baltimore. The sky there is an orange tinted dark blue at night, and a hazy blue during the day. I didn't know what darkness was until I came here. I can see an impossible number of stars here. I have great memories of a freezing cold night last year spent out in a field watching the most amazing meteor shower. In the daytime it's amazing too. The sky looks richer, the clouds seem to make amazing formations. The sunsets are the best I've ever seen, except maybe some I've seen over my lovely Chesapeake or the ocean. And I saw more rainbows my first year at Hampshire than I'd probably seen for the entirety of my life previous to Hampshire.

The idea of mods. We

whine too much. We really do have it great when it comes to housing options. Mods are one of them, and in theory, I love the idea of mods. I've liked a lot of my friends' mods, but maybe that's because I didn't have to live there. My one mod experience was a disaster, and made me quite cautious of trying to do it again, though I do regret that I will have never lived in a mod and enjoyed it. I really loved my pie-shaped room in Greenwich though.

My residents. While the residents I've had while being an intern are in no means perfect, they give me lots of entertainment and cheer, enough that it usually makes up for the times they frustrate me.

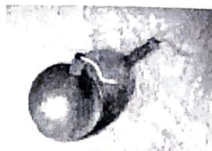
The weird architecture. I know I must be weird. At first I didn't like the funky 60's architecture either. However, it really grew on me. I can't even really explain it. If we didn't have the funky architecture,

where would they hang the bell? I love the inside of the library with the random balconies and the way the airport lounge overhangs the gallery. The Bridge is the sunniest spot on campus without being outdoors. The way that the SS offices are mysteriously hidden from the rest of FPH. The open middle of ASH with the big skylights. The weird rock garden in the middle of the covered Longworth Art Village. And dude, we have a yurt that's

continued on next page

DOES THIS PRE-EMPTIVE WAR MAKE MY BUTT LOOK BIG?

In the first gulf war, they had it easy. Though our intentions were far from pure, "Operation Desert Shield" is a nice defensive name for an alleged defensive action. This administration, however, has been struggling to find an appropriate name for this impending war with Iraq. These are the top 5 names the Bush administration has been considering:



5. Operation Enduring Fossile Fuels.
4. Operation Mwa Ha Ha Ha.
3. Operation We Rule You Drool.
2. Operation Weapons Catalogue.
1. Operation Don't Mess With Texas.



continued from previous page

SWEARING OFF THE BITTER.

not really a yurt.

Carrels. I love my carrel. I wish I'd gotten one earlier in my Hampshire Career so maybe I could have gotten more reading accomplished. I have a lovely window to one side to give me natural light, and an awesome royal purple chair. The best part is being able to leave all my stuff there. I don't think the other colleges have them, maybe they don't trust each other as much as we do here.

Milk at Saga. My favorite thing about Saga is being able to drink as much milk as I damn well please and not care. I love milk, and since coming to Hampshire I have switched from 2% to Whole, simply because I could. I drink at least one glass of milk at every meal, and if I had to buy that amount of milk for myself living in the mods, I'd probably be spending a shitload of money on milk.

Roberta. I don't think I have to say much here. Everyone likes Roberta. She's a very amazing and amusing woman.

Posters. One of my resi-

dents, Kate, handed me a lovely poster that I assume has to do with the whole series that's going on about prostitution. Or maybe it's to do with the whole fight to decriminalize prostitution. Or probably both. But the poster says, "You may be a ho dear, but I'm an escort." People at Hampshire make a lot of great posters.

That people make their wild ideas work. Examples being the upper RCC/Bridge, and Kim Chung's (Merrill House Director) ice skating rink in the Merrill Quad.

Renee's knitting circle. Learning to knit is probably one of the things I'm most happy about and proud of that I've done in the past couple of years. I think it's something that's been missing for me for a while, considering that I've had such trouble keeping my hands still and my mind focused. So now I knit or crochet when I feel myself starting to wander in class, or to simply help me feel more productive in meetings or on bus rides. Renee is always willing to

help me figure things out, and she tells amusing stories about Hampshire. I'm currently working on what I've been calling my "Div III Sweater."

Single Rooms. This one's pretty obvious. I lived in a double with my good friend Deb for my first semester at Hampshire and while that was okay, it's nothing like simply having your own space. I'm not a very quiet person mostly because I'm very clumsy, so I'm not the easiest person to live with.

I think I could think of more things to talk about, but I don't want to take up too much more space. I guess despite all the things I dislike that go on around here, I realize the reason those things upset me so much is because I love this place so much. I'm also resilient to change, especially when I'm quite pleased with the way things are. Despite all my older student bitterness, I'm really going to miss this place when I graduate, though maybe not all the controversy.



HOWTO: Do YOUR Div III

by: Matthew Montgomery, columnist

I was going to write an article about that whole cultural appropriation debate, but much like many other controversies, it appears to have blown over as quickly as it developed. We can all breathe a sigh of relief now.

In other news, I am Div III, and have been so for all of this semester, and most of last. It is all at once scary, satisfying, and dull. It's scary because I've been working on it for a semester already, and as far as I'm concerned, I don't have enough done.

It is also scary because I'm committed now. I first uttered the idea of making a game for my Div III in my second semester, and promptly filed it away under "if only I had the guts..." During Div II, it became more and more apparent that I was going to have to do something with the 3D modeling, programming, and software engineering skills I had acquired. I did my best not to think about it; I had some vague conception of creating a piece of boring software, possibly involving a database of some sort. I didn't know, and I didn't really want to think about it.

And then reality, in the form of deadlines, showed up. It smacked me upside the head and punched me in the stomach, and I had to think fast. I knew what I wanted to do. I wrote it down, I turned it in, and here I am.

I'm developing a first person 3D role-playing game with a political bent using an existing engine for which I've purchased a license. I'm tempted to describe to you some of what this is all about, but if you don't understand that line, chances are that the rest would

also be lost on you, and you might even be bored (and justifiably so).

It's just as well; I'd really rather not talk much about my Div III itself. It makes me sick to my stomach to know that the next year or so is riding on the past four months as well as the next three. The fact that I've got almost everything designed, and that I've got a rough map as to what to expect from myself doesn't help me much. I've got a bad case of incessant creeping doubt, with just enough elements of reality to it that it's scary. It's the kind of doubt that makes me wake up in the middle of the night with the urge to work my ass off, to throw everything else by the wayside and concentrate on writing lines and lines and lines of code.

So much for scary.

It is satisfying because I've been waiting for this, and not just in the sense that I've been wanting to make games since I've been young. It's satisfying on the level where you have a project that's within your reach, where you know your shit, and more importantly, you know you know your shit.

Last year, I was taking two classes each involving a substantial amount of work. One of them, a programming project, was a lot of work, but I'm damned proud of what I was able to put out. Throughout the whole project, I was learning, but deep down, I couldn't kid myself; I knew that I could do it. I would struggle with bugs and errors and crashes, and at the time, the only reason I doubted myself was because I hadn't finished anything this mas-

sive before.

The only real problem with this situation was that I was constantly switching between two projects. I would pour hours into one, only to realize that I hadn't put enough in the other. So, I would switch gears, again throwing all of my time and energy into the other. Rinse and repeat.

The evaluations for each class note that I had difficulty in managing my time, which was true; moderation is as important as dedication, and I had a hard time with shifting my attention from one thing to another on a weekly basis.

Though I can't deny that even though I haven't accomplished as much as I would like, there is something satisfying about having devoted several evenings to a project. It's been the case this past week that between, 6:00 PM until 2:00 AM, I've been locked in my room, working on my Div III.

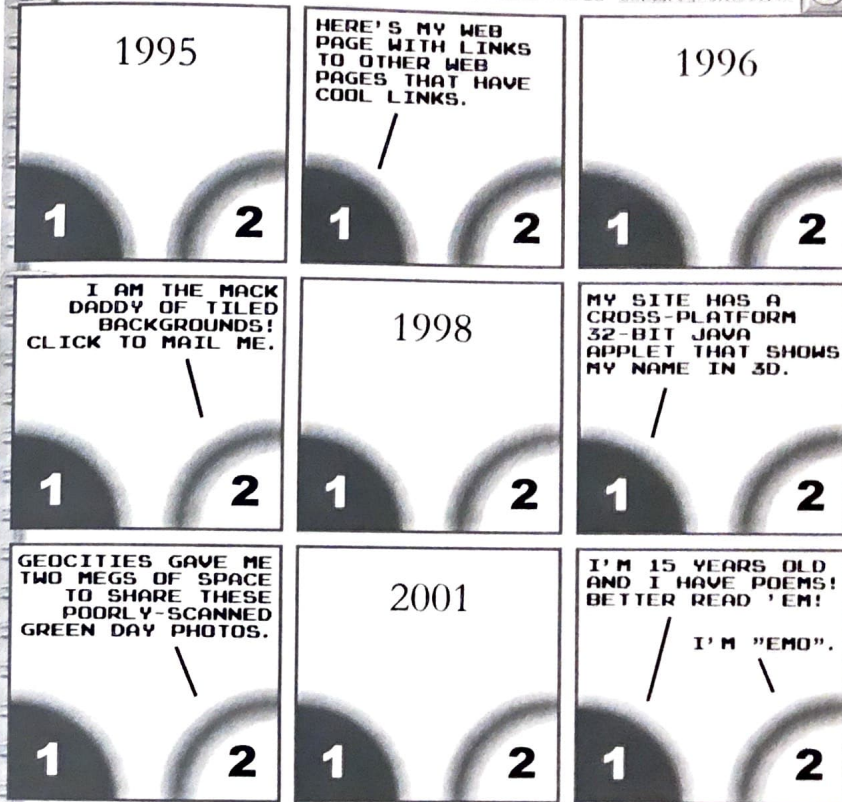
Admittedly, time is still a problem despite the fact that I'm Div III. Common sense has a way of getting even, I suppose. I am TAing a course, which isn't really a distraction, but it takes time. In addition to that, I have work and I'm on a CS search committee. If I could eliminate everything else for the next three months, I would be sorely tempted... but of course, that's unrealistic. Enter common sense: it is good to have money; I am delighted to be TAing; and being on a search committee is a good experience.

After such a description as this, the term dull might seem out of place. Maybe it is, since it really continued on next page

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLIII

by M. Zole

This comic is UNDER CONSTRUCTION



WWW.ZOLE.ORG

continued from previous page

HOWTO: Do YOUR Div III

I could take a break. Obviously, it's not that I can't take a break; in fact, I'm perfectly capable of slacking off for hours, coming up with some excuse with just enough truth to excuse myself so I can do something else. Today's was that I do my best work at night. It's nighttime right now, and I am not working, but hey, I haven't written for the Omen in a while. Why not?

Yeah, so, that's what I'm doing, or did, or whatever. I don't really have a conclusion or some kind of message about it. I work and work and work and I'm hungry for more, but I follow that up with bitching and moaning. Right now, I'm hungry for more, and I might start working on it, or I might not. In any case, I think I'm done for now.





Welcome to Hampshire. I'm sure a lot of you worked damn hard to get here and look to Hampshire as being that school that is different from all others and that nothing is impossible here. I can say that's admirable. You're starting over at a new place determined to make a difference. Hell, I came to Hampshire with that ideal. I thought that Hampshire was this special place in which you would spearhead movements, make more intimate, long lasting friends, and would be the first step in a larger, greater scheme of things.

That was in the fall of 2000 and now having been at Hampshire I feel that if I can pass on anything, it's what said in this article.

A lot of you may have come to Hampshire because you wanted to escape the "superficialness" of schools in your youth. You didn't want to go through the cliques, the drama, the hostilities that came with schools of the traditional sense.

If many of you think that doesn't exist at Hampshire, I'm sorry to tell you it does. Hampshire is just like any other place. There will still be people doing things that you don't like, there will be cliques, there will be those people that make you feel insignificant. An alternative education won't change human nature.

THIS IS TO ALL OF THIS YEAR'S FEB POPULATION

You will be exposed to the silliness of mind games, you will find out about the Hampshire Grapevine, and the Hampshire Web of Hate.

Then there may some of you that think that with getting accepted into Hampshire all the doors in the world will be open to you. That you, yourself will write the great American novel, that you will change decades of ways of thinking.

I remember looking back to this past semester and setting up a curriculum to present at an after school program with two other students. What we proposed was an activity in which we would empower children and at the same time tell them that it was okay to express feelings other than happiness.

Our professor felt that we may open up a Pandora's Box of emotions from these children that not only we had no right to do but we wouldn't be able to check up on these children later. In other words, the question

**An alternative
education won't
change human
nature.**

arose on whether or not what we were doing was ethical.

The two younger students that I worked with did not want to

budge on their ideas and I had to commend them for it. They were sure what we were doing was right and wouldn't harm the children in any way. What we were doing was shaking up the ways in which we viewed expressions of feelings. That we now have the opportunity via this

class to change the system.

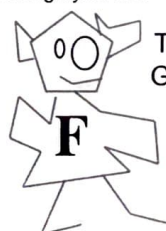
We changed our first idea to make it a more positive activity but I remember how dejected my fellow groupmates were when they did. I'm sure they felt that their ideals were compromised.

This happens at Hampshire. Just because Hampshire allows you to structure your own education doesn't mean that you will have complete and utter free reign on what you do. There are limits. There are obstacles. And you have to pick and choose your battles.

Just remember, you're not going to win them all.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that just remember to take everything with a grain of salt. Hampshire may be a different type of school but in many ways it is very similar to those schools that you have attended. You can be very prominent here or you can get lost in a population of about 1200 students.

Coming to Hampshire won't make your life suddenly have meaning, it won't make everything clearer but what it will hopefully do is help you figure out who you are becoming, what you want to do in your life and what you are capable of doing to change your life.



The Article
Goblins are
Febs!



by: Jeffrey Paternostro

You are what is wrong with Hampshire College. More to the point, you are emblematic of the failure of Hampshire to properly educate its student body on things like basis thesis construction and the persuasive essay. Setting aside any misgivings I have about the actual content of the letter that, let's be honest, is only nominally addressed to the student store; my bigger concern is the continued failure of this campus to actually support their arguments with a rational logical basis.

Let's start at the beginning. It is clear from your letter that you wish to address the issues of cultural appropriation at this campus, a fair enough topic. You then proceed to give us a little definition, which, get this, doesn't ACTUALLY DEFINE THE TERM. You state that it means different things to different people, well so does god, freedom, and the works of the French Impressionists, but if you want people to have a clue what you are referencing (we all don't have the luxury of being well verse in the dialect of post modern social science) you might want to give them a clue what you are specifically referring to, since you are complaining about that very thing.

Indeed, nowhere in the letter do you actually state with any specificity WHAT IT IS YOU FEEL IS ACTUALLY EMBLEMATIC OF CULTURAL APPROPRIATION. Do you want the student store

SIGH ANOTHER RESPONSE

representatives to guess? Or do you just assume your position is so righteous that they will automatically know what constitutes cultural appropriation when you yourself only have a vague, nebulous definition of it. It wouldn't have killed you to cite specific examples of what bothers you, the undersigned. You mention glow in the dark trinkets, but to the best of my knowledge, that only consists of the Virgin Mary, a symbol of Western Catholicism, hardly a "colonized other." Now, one could make the argument that the Virgin Mary is more important in Hispanic culture then it is in traditional Western Catholicism, and it is an argument with some validity. Of course, it was also a force for colonialism, but again, you don't make that argument. Actually, you make no argument with any specificity as to what the student store is doing that is so offensive to you.

Speaking of which, what, specifically, does "the colonized other on bathroom wall" have to do with your overriding point, which is that the school store sells items that are culturally appropriated. Stick to your thesis, if you want to address the greater problems of "institutional and peer racism," then do it in a separate letter to the community, but not in where your purport specific grievances by a specific body, which, by the way, is only tacitly representative of the college.

Of course, kudos should go out to you for framing your

'questions' in such a way, that dialogue is impossible, as you pose the questions, they could never be answered to a satisfaction other than your narrow view of the situation "If furthering the colonial project is in the interests of your establishment" is not a proper lead-in to a question designed to elicit actual dialogue. Even the most biased of pollsters would never frame a question in such a self-serving and loaded manner. No, it seems you don't actually want dialogue, you want this entity to admit they are wrong and effect changes immediately. I guess that is fine, but it would help if you actually mentioned at some point what you want changed, besides a broad, sweeping end to cultural appropriation, which as you have stated, everyone has their own definition of.

Another brief dialectical faux pas: A dialogue requires two or more groups, usually with differing viewpoints, to discuss an issue. So it really can't "happen, with or without you." Of course, to the best of my knowledge, true dialogue has never happened on this campus, since no one actually wants their opinions subject to scrutiny, and possibly find them wanting, in the face of differing opinion, backed by a foundation of reason and evidentiary support.

Oh, and a format note. It is customary to print the names of the undersigned and then

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Section ZOLE

Midnight Club

MY OPINIONS ARE VALID

D+

Baldur's Gate: Dark Alliance

This is based on a series of role-playing games for the PC, but very nicely adapted to playing while sitting 20 feet away from your TV and eating Cheetos. Instead of reading page after page of cerebral dialog, you press a button to kill an orc, press a different button to heal your own injuries, and repeat until you've slaughtered every last motherfucker in the room. Plus you can play with another person, if two thousand orcs against one guy with a bow doesn't strike you as a particularly fair fight. **B**

Devil May Cry

Japan's contribution to the asskicking genre: huge goddamn swords (*Final Fantasy 7*, *Berserk*). Hong Kong's major contribution: shooting with two guns (every John Woo movie). Can you think of a reason not to combine these things? Neither can I. You play as a badass half-demon dude with a huge sword and two guns who fights what appear to be Muppets from Hell. Loses points because the guns are named Ebony and Ivory. **B**

Virtua Fighter 4

In many fighting games, *Soul Calibur* for example, you can mash buttons for a while and pull off graceful ass-kicking combos; if you try to learn specific moves, you will get your ass handed to you by your 7-year-old sister, who has elected to

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TOKEN LATINA REPORTS: HAMPSHIRE'S COMING INTRANET PORTAL

Last week I got suckered into attending a two hour-long meeting regarding a new Hampshire intranet portal. Seated at the right hand of Tom Doherty I listened to Janel Jorda, Manager of Web Development, and Doug Cotton, Sr. Web Developer pitch their portal. Basically from what I understand those two want to create a bigger and "better" Grep, only it won't look like Grep and it will be called "The Hub". A similar thing can be found at the Mount Holyoke website and clicking on "my MHC". Instead of cluttering up Hampshire.edu with forms intended for on campus use only, "the hub" will take care of that all neat and tidy like. Hampshire.edu will remain cluttered with the atrocious over-use of flash. Flash should only be used to create adorable animation (i.e.:

<http://www.weeb.ljolt.co.uk/> and my personal favorite: <http://www.vooz.co.kr/flash/index.html>). Anyways Janel

made the excellent point that Hampshire.edu is a *marketing* vehicle, not a place to pick up your laundry forms.

Everyone who attended the meeting was very excited about the portal for their office/departmental use. There was talk of getting online donations, (whoo hoo! Hampshire goes paypal. Maybe if Hampshire flashes some cleavage on a webcam we could get people to buy us a student center from Amazon.com), reducing paperwork, easing the admissions process, keeping in better contact with alumni etc. It was a shame that I was the only student there because hardly anyone mentioned us. Janel to her credit, did try even though she is basically killing Grep off.

Grep came out my first year and was created by Jarrod Benedict F99. And sadly, I think my first year or two was the last time I ever saw any real student involvement for the betterment

of this campus. Grep was pretty awesome because it was completely a student thing. Good-bye Grep! You were wicked swell. Now there is a new portal going up without any student involvement except for my stupid remarks made during a 2-hour meeting. You know what? If there had been a couple more students there we could have dominated that meeting with our demands and needs. Frankly I don't blame anyone at the meeting for not really mentioning student portal use. We as a student body have seriously slacked off as far as our interest in these kinds of projects go. I wish Janel and Doug the best of luck. They are coding it all themselves and are hoping it will be done in a year.

You can email Janel with questions and/or comments at: jjpLO@hampshire.edu



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simply mash buttons. In *Virtua Fighter 4*, you can actually fight better by learning more moves, and do cool things like reversals; if you notice your opponent is about to punch, you have a chance to grab his fist and use his own momentum to flip him over like a ragdoll. *Rad!* **A-**

Ico

I'm not quite sure how to describe this game. You're a 12-year-old boy with horns who

has to get a frail and possibly blind princess out of a huge and very poorly-maintained castle. Shadow monsters and constantly trying to steal her away, and your weapon is a *stick*. I'm serious, it's right on the front of the box. *Ico* is probably one of the most original and engaging games released in the past few years, as well as the first (hopefully not the last) to feature a "hold hands with the girl" button. **A**

Grand Theft Auto 3

I must be the last person in the world to play this game, but as a Maine native, I'd like to point out that its depiction of Portland is very *inaccurate*. **B+**



Over break, I got a PlayStation 2. As some of you may remember, I have expressed much distaste for this console in the past (see my Fall 2000 article "The PlayStation 2 Can Bite My Ass", which was actually about taking Japanese at Amherst). However, since it's looking likely that I will be working in the game industry, it was getting ridiculous that I hadn't played some of the most talked-about games since they were only available for PS2. So, I succumbed.

Also, the games are cheap. So many games are produced for the PS2 that retailers are forced to cut prices on games that are more than a month old (almost all video games make the vast majority of their sales within the first few weeks of release). So, here's a rundown of the games I picked up with the dozen or so Best Buy gift cards I got for Christmas. Just to be incongruous with Hampshire, I'm giving them all grades.

Ratchet & Clank

You play some kind of furry wrench-wielding animal with a tiny robot strapped to his back and access to 36 different weapons. It could've been awful, but *Ratchet & Clank* plays great and pulls off remarkably non-grainy visuals for a PS2 game. Plus, defeated enemies explode in a shower of bolts (the game's currency) and fly at you as you run by. There's something very satisfying about money chasing after you. **B+**

Oni

I noticed there are a lot of used copies of this game floating around, and now I know why: the control is terrible, the graphics are blocky and slow, and characters don't even move their mouths when they talk. Plus the architecture in the game was designed by real architects, which I don't doubt, because most real buildings would make godawful video game levels. But it is a fun (albeit incredibly half-assed) beat-'em-up experience.

SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

DIALOGUE? I THOUGHT YOU SAID DIATRIBE!

I should explain right now that this while this is the first article I have had published in the Omen, this is not the first time I have written for the Omen. I have more than one abortive Omen article attempt languishing on my hard drive. Why is it that in my sixth semester I am only finally submitting something?

A variety of reasons. I have never had a problem with the Omen. In fact, some of my best friends are Omen writers and staff (or layout people or whatever they're calling them these days.) They have often encouraged me and the public in general to write - thus my multiple starts-but-not-finishes. But I've never managed to actual finish an article, or finish it to my satisfaction, or not change my mind partway through about whether I really hold the opinion strongly enough to publish it. (They're all opinion articles - if you know me you know it's because I'm an extremely opinionated person.) But I have read the Omen religiously, and when I returned from field study leave this semester I even did my best to hunt down all of last semester's Omens in order to catch up.

So I was chatting with Beth Day in Cole the other afternoon, and mentioned that I had found this article that I wrote a while back that I didn't think was half bad and maybe I should finally submit it. And Beth kind of jumped up and down in her chair and said, "Yes!" We then had a long conversation about the lack of student involvement in the Omen, and I felt guilty for not submitting all this time.

I think it is pretty amazing that the Omen has managed to survive for ten years. Think about that. Ten years. In the time the Omen has been around, literally hundreds of student organizations have been started, gotten their \$250, and died. The typical life cycle of a student group is maybe a couple of years, until the original organizers graduate or just start their Div IIIs and have no time and/or remaining interest. Ten years is time enough for many generations of signers and organizers to move on. The Omen itself has been the subject of multiple attempts to put it out of commission, and yet it keeps on ticking (ironically, probably in large part due to those attempts and the resolve they foster.)

So I think I should write for the Omen. I have to say it's the closest thing to a campus publication we have. It's actually published regularly and distributed around campus. Plus my friends will throttle me if they hear my opinions one more time.

With all that as introduction, I will now give you an article I apparently wrote last November (according to the created date on the file.) Keep in mind that this is an opinion based on whatever facts I had at the time, and does not necessarily reflect the Community Dialogue Project as it is today. But it does reflect a lot of what is still generally a problem at Hampshire. And without further ado:

Someone please explain to me better what the heck the

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by: Rebecca Costello, contributor

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Community Dialogue Project is doing.

I spoke to a very nice person at length at the table in Saga the other night and she did her best to explain to me what they were planning. The Community Dialogue Project seems to be two branches: one is discussion groups to examine issues like "class at Hampshire". The other is training people to be mediators.

First off, the mediation idea is a great one. A group of trained mediators would make it possible for people to try to settle their differences, instead of resorting to judicial forums like the Community Review Board. I've had a few experiences with conflict resolution practices, and they've been good ones that seem to settle disputes and preserve friendly relations on a consistent basis. Conflict resolution between the various parties in the whole Merrill noise issue could be a lot more fruitful than just putting everybody in a room and letting the counter-accusations fly. Okay, on to the Community Dialogue Project part of the proposal.

Let me just say right upfront that I think the whole idea of Community Dialogue is a great one. Hampshire has so many communication breakdowns - there are huge gulfs between staff, faculty, and students, and I think that they lead to a lot of the tensions and problems that the community experiences on a day-to-day basis. A Community Dialogue Project could make huge changes. Often things that seem ridiculous at first make a lot of sense when explained by someone in the know, and when concerns are expressed to the people who can actually make

a difference, change happens. Working on the new Div 1 plan, I've seen a lot of students' frustration defused when they actually got a chance to sit down with faculty and hear the rationale behind things that at first sight really upset them. But such a tiny fraction of students actually got to hear this and participate in the process.

Couldn't the Community Dialogue Project help to set up "conversation forums" on hot-topic campus issues? The Leadership Center (which sponsors the CDP) did indeed set up a student/faculty panel on the Div 1 plan and it was really nice. Hearing "Community Dialogue Project" got me all excited. Wow! Would we finally as a campus get to discuss important issues affecting the quality of life, like student social spaces, course availability, low retention rates, noise issues - there are so many things that really need to be talked over, and not just complained about idly over dinner.

But apparently, the Community Dialogue Project is about "examining social identity at Hampshire." Say what? Apparently, what class you belong to is more important than what classes you can get into. The CDP will form small, ongoing "discussion groups" to address issues like class and race.

First off, is this really "Community"? Who is going to belong to these groups? Seeing as the CDP's first information meeting is in the evening, when most faculty and staff have gone home, I would assume they're only targeting students. Issues of race and class may not be specific to our school like a new Div 1 plan is, but I feel that the necessity for bridging communication gaps is still

there. Couldn't faculty and staff have some varying and important viewpoints on class and race issues on campus?

Second, is it really "Dialogue"? As the CDP's poster informs us, the Project "is about listening." Who's doing the talking? Is the person who really needs to hear going to join a semester-long group on "class issues at Hampshire"? Or are they going to walk by the poster and ignore it, because they are not interested and don't know why they should be? An "outreach" project does not mean that the people who are already interested sit around and talk to each other. It means reaching out and informing others.

Is this really the right name for such a project? - One that involves discussion groups of students talking about class and race issues? Maybe "Student Discussion Project" would be more accurate. Or maybe we've already got classes that do almost the same thing.

I've got to say, I had hopes for the CDP. There's a huge gap at Hampshire, a communication gap that involves something more mundane but perhaps more effective on our day-to-day lives than huge overarching issues. A lot of people at this school don't know how to talk to each other to make their lives work better. A lot of resources go unused because people don't know where to look for them. A lot of people get unhappy and leave this school and maybe it's because of class and race issues, but maybe there's something else at work too. A real Community Dialogue Project would help us find out what that something is.



CULTURAL APPROPRIATION AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

by: Daniel José Older, contributor

The School Store letter has so far generated pages and pages of response on the Jolt forum, endless conversations in Saga and the mailroom and even one of those Nintendo character comics in the Daily Jolt. Store employees report that tons of people come in to scourge the aisles and figure out what the letter was talking about. In short, the goal of the letter has been accomplished- cultural appropriation is no longer a silenced discussion.

A lot of people have demanded examples and faulted the letter for being vague. Simply put: that's the point. If we had sent out a list of what things we thought were culturally appropriating, the conversation would've just revolved around those objects and then sputtered out. No one would've really asked themselves what they think cultural appropriation is. I don't claim to understand appropriation any better than any one else, but it's something I think a lot about and I think it's important to talk about it.

The way I see it, there are two companies that supply the store with the majority of the items in question. The first is called Accoutrements and makes most of the pop-culture, fake vintage stuff like the hula dancers and tiki mugs. The other company, Chronicle Books, makes the more new-agey kind of stuff: journals with Ganesh on them, Day of the Dead shrine kits, West African symbol stamps.

Part of the problem is in the presentation. The items are either packaged as wacky, hip additions to your lounge décor or meaningful access points into another culture's spirituality. They are on display along side vintage movie postcards and drink mixers. In many cases, they are the only representation of those cultures that is publicly presented in this community. This is relevant because it's true on an even larger scale in the United States as a whole- our TV shows and movies still represent people of color and other marginalized groups as clowns, bad guys and sex objects.

These items do represent the colonized other. The history of most of these cultures in relation to the United States and Europe is one of domination, slavery and genocide. Those of us who are US citizens are a part of that history- we donate to it with our taxes and we support it with our complacency. When we take part in the commodification of the very cultures that we're helping to dominate, when we sexualize the women and turn the Gods in to plastic clowns, it can allow us to pretend that we're not as deeply implicated as we really are.

Moreover, when white people participate in the long history of simultaneously illegitimizing

and appropriating cultures that they help to subjugate, the real story of race relations in America disappears behind false claims of diversity and unity. This happens again and again: white

musicians repack-age the blues and get rich off what was originally music of resistance to white slave owners. Salsa and tango become the new hip dance crazes in a country whose foreign policy supports dictatorships and industri-

alization across Latin America. This is not to say that white people can't play the blues or dance salsa, but that there are some serious issues of power and culture that generally go ignored when this happens and I want people to talk about it.

Finally, I'll say that this conversation is not about censoring or reprimanding. The issue brings up many questions of identity, ownership, exile, and privilege and no one has the answers to all of them. I don't think people should simply give up and stop learning about other cultures because there's a painful history to reconcile with. Rather, I think talking about cultural appropriation is a way to begin dealing with the barriers that are put between us, to begin confronting the difference between really trying to understand a culture and buying an over-priced plastic trinket.



OPPOSING EMPIRES

by: Jesse Weinberg, columnist

Conquest, colonialism, genocide and apartheid are vile legacies from bygone centuries of European domination. Not only is it absolutely necessary to undo the damage of these atrocities, but all further repetitions should be combated. Yet Arafat's regime continues to use violence and intimidation to carve out its own little empire in a small corner of southwest Asia. Selling land to a Jew in the Palestinian Authority is punishable by death, Jews are not allowed to be its citizens, nor are they even allowed to live within its borders. While the PA funds schools for Palestinians in Lebanon and Syria, it refuses to let its ambulances treat Druse, Jews and Circassians. Israeli Druse Madhat Yousef bled to death after six hours because the PA refused to send an ambulance for a non-Palestinian. Nor would the Palestinian hospitals have treated him. South Africa was condemned for the same oppressive system of racial segregation.

The PA's colonial irredentism openly demands to expel 400,000 Jews, claiming the land belongs to Palestinians by "racial right." After which Arafat intends to repopulate his new territories with Palestinian settlers from Lebanon, Syria and Jordan. The "right of return" and "dismantling settlements" are nothing but euphemisms for forced population transfer. Such an overtly imperialist agenda has all but disappeared from the rest of world. This racist plan is rationalized in Palestinian schools which teach that Jews are evil spreaders of disease. Deputy health

minister, Abd al-Hamid al-Qudsi accused Jews of spreading cancer and reported to the UN Human Rights Commission that Jews spread AIDS during the Intifada. Jews are depicted as societal leeches who caused both the first and second world war in order to profit from weapon's sales. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion are handed out to Palestinian security forces. This monstrous racism legitimizes the monstrous deeds of Arafat's own regime, sending death squads to murder children, women and men. To enforce a situation where all those who are Jewish are forced to either flee their homes as refugees or be murdered. To conquer by suicide bombers and gunmen. It is all too clear why Arafat is referred to as "general," in the PA's news station, he intends to annex territory through war.

Palestine can not be both a Palestinian state and a democracy. The contradiction is unresolvable. The only way for it to implement its Palestinian program is through racial segregation, expulsion, colonialism and conquest. To be a democracy of all its citizens would be to accept Jews as equals. It would be to give up land claims were well over the majority of the residents, the Jordan valley and Jerusalem, have no desire to be part of a Palestinian state. A member of the Palestinian Legislative Council, Fadal Tabub, admitted only 30% of east Jerusalem's residents want to live under Palestinian sovereignty.

Arafat wasn't willing to sacrifice either land or dreams of Palestinian supremacy. Instead he chose

war and totalitarian dictatorship. Criticism of Arafat and his security forces is illegal. Newspapers that do are banned and its editors imprisoned. Edward's Said's books were banned in 1996 for attacking Arafat. Ahmed al-Alami, the editor of al-Quds, was imprisoned for not putting an government required editorial praising Arafat on the front page. His State Security Court's hold secret trials without legal representation and can last for only two minutes. No one has ever been found innocent since its inception in 1996. Not that it matters since a confession will be forced out through torture. At least six people have been executed by Preventive Security officers for refusing to confess during interrogation. Public demonstrations against the government are illegal and Palestinian police are ordered to shoot protesters.

Any country attacked by such an aggressive dictatorship has no choice but to defend itself. Israelis cannot remain inert and passive while an active campaign of expulsion and murder is waged by Fatah, Hamas and Islamic Jihad. No people can be expected to submit to colonial enterprises, why should Jewish reaction to the PA's own imperialism be anything but opposition? The lives of 400,000 people cannot simply be bartered away like sheep. A tyrant can not be allowed to oppress, conquer and colonize another nation simply because it is in his way. Arafat and his regime cannot be judged by standards different from the rest of the world.



TOKEN LATINA PROBABLY HATES YOU BUT PROBABLY WANTS TO FUCK YOU

Ahh...second semester Div III. I have a palatial double and a mini-fridge with grapes and Guinness. To those of you drinking 40's: you can fuck off and die. There is no way you can imbibe those with irony or coolness my precious little Prescott skanks. Before I delve off into the tempting tangent of dissing everyone's poor drinking habits I will continue with my original thought. I am a second semester Div III, and consequently I am cranky as all hell. With the precious little free-time I have, I have been indulging in Nat Sherman's, acting irritable at the library circulation desk*, drinking excellently prepared mixed drinks, swimming laps at the RCC and writing erotica. Not enough people have been reading what I have submitted to literotica.com so I have decided to publish it here especially for you on Valentine's Day. Kiss!

"I read your manifestos and your strange religious tracts. You took me to your library and kissed me in the stacks" -- the Magnetic Fields

Friday afternoon at the Westshire College Library was predictably slow. Lydia appreciated this as she was tired of fielding endless sometimes rather inane research questions her patrons posed her day in and day out. It was November and was already getting dark out at 4 o'clock. Lydia scanned the room. Only a couple people reading newspapers or using the Internet. Sighing con-

tendedly she pulled out one of her comic books and settled in her chair at the circulation desk and proceeded to get lost within the panels. There was something about her style that vaguely reminded one of a 1950's pinup. She wore modernized shirtwaist dresses, mary janes, cardigans and a sweet face framed by glasses that curved out slightly at the ends, chin length dark hair and pearl earrings. Her clothes were supported by her shapely hourglass body. Underneath her bookish trap-pings she always wore lace-topped stockings and provocative garter belts that nicely framed her tight little upturned ass. Her equally nice bras barely restrained her firm perky breasts. Her breasts mattered little to her although she realized men were attracted to them but she secretly longed for a man who wanted to take advantage of her pert ass. Even feeling her garter straps sometimes slip at the side of her hips would make her feel sexually distracted. But in all her 22 years she had yet to find anyone who would stop paying attention to her tits and find her true erogenous zone.

"Umm excuse me", a slow deep voice pulled her out of her reading. She looked up and their gaze met. Her patron had unusually large intense brown eyes. He had the appearance of one who hasn't slept in a long while and needed someone. His brown hair was slightly in his eyes and it made one long to brush it out of the way, not because it was bothersome but because it was

endearing. He looked strong despite his slight frame. He shifted his weight on his heavy steel-toed boots and smiled slightly. Lydia's eyes quickly darted over his crotch and immediately entertained visions of playing with the line where his pubic hair would begin. Shaking her head she smiled politely pushed up her glasses and played the role of the helpful asexual librarian.

"How can I help you?"

"I was wondering if you could help me find this manuscript in special collections. I am working on my thesis that involves the development of fonts and I would really like to see some of the library's specimen sheets. Also from what I understand the Kelm-scott Chaucer is on loan here from Cornell?" Daniel was tired. He had been devoting all his time to his thesis, averaging three or four hours of sleep a night. He felt relieved that he didn't have to find the manuscript himself. His sex life since he started his research had been limited to furtive mas-turbation breaks and nothing else. While they chatted about ancient manuscripts and politely exchanged names he couldn't help but notice the way the but-tons on her cardigan pulled a little at her breasts and the charming way she pushed up her glasses. Besides there was something about Lydia that awakened him. Her knowledge of typeface from the 18th century was impressive.

He stood up taller and followed Lydia obediently down the musty stairs to the special collections

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continued from previous section of the library. Watching her from behind gave him even more pleasure. He could just barely make out the outline of her garters and her hips swayed seductively without her realizing it. His eyes could not help but follow the curve of her ass. Lydia was aware that he was checking her out. Or at least hoped he was. She mumbled a bit to herself as she located the desired specimen sheet.

"So lets see the call number for this is BX 1200...oh I wont be able to reach that...let me get a step ladder...could you hold the ladder steady while I reach for the text?"

He steadied the ladder and noticed with admiration her nice thick gams. The kind he would like to gnaw at. Hesitating slightly at first he rested a hand on one of them. Like a warm flush Lydia experienced a swell in her pussy. Trying to keep her breath steady she dared not move in fear that he would take his hand away. For a moment nothing happened. For a moment they were just two strangers pretending that they didn't notice his hand inching up her stockinged leg. He looked up and peeked at her sexy garters and the way the straps were held tautly over her thighs. He breathed deeply and inhaled the warm aura of under her dress. He could feel himself stiffening, his penis fighting against the restrictive cut of his jeans. Lydia could feel her pulse thudding in her vulva...

"Umm..." she faltered and poked her ass out a little further as an open invitation to fondle it. Accepting her offer he slid his hand all the way and snapped her garter against her ass. Roughly

grabbed it while he nibbled lightly at the back of her knee. Lydia knew that she simply would not be able to balance herself on the rickety stepladder much longer. Her whole body was aching to be pushed and pulled and fucked senseless. Sensing this he grabbed her by her hips and swung her down. Kicking the stepladder out of the way she grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and kissed him deeply and hungrily. Her hands quickly moved towards his belt and she deftly unbuckled it and yanked down his pants and boxers in one go.

The line of his pubic hair was as tantalizing as she had imagined it just moments ago. Her fingers snaked around the line and grazed his hips. Kissing him she shoved him roughly across the room where she would find the condom dispenser in the bathroom. Grabbing a condom she stepped back and looked him over. He was strong and had the muscular build of a swimmer. His cock was thick, pulsing; she could see a thick drop of pre-cum dribbling from the perfectly shaped head. Smiling wickedly she opened the wrapper with her teeth and knelt down. Holding the condom expertly in her mouth she rolled it on to his steel hard cock while digging her nails into his own well developed toned ass. Daniel gasped and steadied himself. He wasn't ready to come just yet. He wanted to make her squeal. Brusquely he turned her around and bent her over all twenty volumes of the Oxford English Dictionary. She whimpered in pleasure as he yanked up her skirt and pulled down her drenched panties. Holding her face against the dictionary he picked up a nearby hardcover book on a re-

shelving cart. He lifted the book up and brought it down on her ass several times. Hard enough that her left cheek stung slightly with pleasure and immediately turned a deep rosy pink. He bent down and licked the book marks he had caused on her ass. Lydia's pussy was swollen and ached to be fucked. The spankings were almost enough to make her come. Noticing that she was sopping wet he knelt down and wiped up her deliciously musky sap with two fingers. With his fingers well lubricated he eased them into her incredibly soft tight ass. Lydia's mewly sounds of pleasure turned into outright loud moaning. Scarcely aware of her own body outside of her cunt and her ass she began to feel the first heat waves unto orgasm. Taking cue Daniel slammed his cock into her pussy, keeping his two fingers in her asshole. His other hand was in her mouth as she bit down hard as a horse would do to a bit. His cock was perfect for Lydia's finicky puss as its head stimulated her g-spot to the point of distraction. She bucked against him and felt her vaginal muscles contract wildly as they had never done before. Daniel came as strongly and the two of them managed knock over the entire heavy Oxford English Dictionary. Gasping and smiling in a melee of body parts and books they remained until Lydia calmly handed over the Kelm-scott Chaucer text he had requested.

*Since an appalling number of you a) Do not know how to use a library, and b) Ask stupid questions I feel like my lack of interpersonal skills is completely justified.



COUNTERCULTURAL APPROPRIATION

To: The Hampshire College School Store

I, too, have suffered growing consternation over the merchandise you choose to carry. My own adopted culture has become appropriated at your profit, and I refuse to be silent while my heritage is sold off piecemeal. Namely, I speak as one of an ever-shrinking minority of Hipsters, and the only Greaser on campus. Every day, I endure the sight of cheap, fake martini glasses, cigarette holders and other Hipster cultural artifacts being peddled off as overpriced tchokes. I refuse to be complacent any longer.

To list the offensive items would be tedious, but I can name a few. For one, the "Hipster Facial Hair" kit, which includes adhesive foam soul patches, sideburns, and mustaches. Would you really insult traditional Hipster body expression by selling fake foam goatees to clean-shaven non-Hip gentiles? I can tell you, goatees or sideburns of the appropriate razor-sharpness have to be properly maintained and groomed in order to reach standards of genuine grooviness. I dare you to sell fake Orthodox Jewish side curls on yarmulkes in your stock. I am also appalled at the merchandising of a Hipster action figure, the "Fuzz" doll. Has Hip culture become so appropriated it is now considered acceptable to render our image in plastic, complete with detachable head? Are consumers made sufficiently aware that not all Hipsters are overweight (as "Fuzz"

is), or that our styles and souls are not so inconstant as to justify swapping our very heads? I am Hip, and my head is not detachable. Nor is it an accessory. Indeed, as soon as one approaches the store, one is reminded of its elitist, exclusionist, post-colonial attitude towards Hip and Greaser minorities; they have allowed someone to sticker on the door the phrase "Elvis had a stinky butt." Attacking the flatulence of The King, symbolic figurehead and royal emblem of our rockabilly lifestyle, is juvenile, malicious cultural bigotry at best.

It is difficult enough being a minority of one on this campus,

**If I meet The Elvis
on the road, I will
kill The Elvis.**

but even harder belonging to a dying American culture which so few understand. Greasers arose in the 1940's and '50's out of the working-class urban and suburban white communities in response to the increasing squareness of the dominant paradigm. These youths orchestrated a small revolution against unchecked capitalism and wage slave homogenization, all under the credo "I don't give a fuck." That's what being cool is all about. The authorities of the time, mad with newfound economic power and a resurgence of reactionary conservative values, sought to undermine the Hipsters' subversive wantonness,

cancel their Romantic ideals, and generally rain on their parade. But those who were hip to that magoo got wise, and rebelled by... not giving a fuck. They denied themselves their white privilege by rocking out more than the cubistic moral majority would allow, and greasing their hair to the point which they were no longer accepted by the suits. But sadly, the 1950's were soon colonized and dominated by the 1960's. Rockabilly culture was subverted not only by The Man, but also by the Hippies. So, at Hampshire College in post-millennial America, a keeper of the old traditions such as myself is the colonized other, outnumbered and surrounded by his colonial oppressors: the privileged Hippie majority at this school. Still, I try to keep alive the hepness and clarity of vision of the original Greasers. Want to put up Christmas decorations? A menorah? A Malcolm X poster? I don't give a fuck. Want to put up an Israeli flag in Prescott? A "Free Palestine" banner in Enfield? Want to burn an American flag at Amherst College? Don't give a fuck. Want to appropriate my Mennonite heritage by selling Boxing Amishman puppets? I don't give a fuck. Want to wear The Buddha? Kill The Buddha? Smoke Buddha? Dongivafuck. Want to paste Republican campaign posters all over campus? Want to paint the Virgin Mary in elephant shit? Want to dress in drag? Go ahead. I don't give a fuck. A Jesus night-light is not a burning cross.

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sign underneath your name. It's a minor point, but I'm a stickler for standing behind what you say, and my signature, as many of the ones on the letter are, is unintelligible, unless you've seen it before.

But thank you for reducing a topic worthy of serious discussion and consideration to a

series of invectives, off-topic rhetoric, and guessing games. You have once again lowered the bar for actual discussion at our post-modern, post-narratological, ivoryiest of ivory towers.

As a final note, I am in no way associated with the student store, outside of knowing a few

people who work there. I also don't like paying a buck fifteen for a vanilla coke.

Until next time, I can go hundred miles an hour, long as I got the almighty power, right up there next to my pair of fuzzy dice.



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COUNTERCULTURAL . . .

Remember that these are icons. Culture makes art, and art changes culture. Everyone's culture eventually becomes plastic because everyone's culture is plastic. Think of how many ways representations of The Buddha have changed since the religion's foundation. Jesus! I mean, think about Jesus! Think how many paintings and sculptures of Christ have been censored by the squares of history because He was represented as too realistic, too naked, too sexy, too human. Every time someone was offended by either the decadence or tawdriness of a picture of Christ, somebody lost their funding (or their head). It is tragically ironic that liberals have become the new censors and iconoclasts. I think people forget that there is kitsch sold in every free culture in the world – tacky crucifixes, worry beads, dashboard saints – which simply occupies the low end of the spectrum of quality, balancing out the fine art in that nation's museums and temples. And people burned at the stake for that kitsch. People died so that icons could be represented in any form, and people died for the freedom to create a nation where other cultures could

come change others and be changed. Mexican and Chinese food changes in response to the tastes of New England yankees. Christian churches in the Midwest suddenly have to ask how to accommodate the beliefs of Islam into their own understanding. Newsletters in formerly Irish-American Holyoke now post in English and Spanish. White Hampshire kids play didgeridoos (an instrument of supreme religious and cultural importance to Aborigines) at drunken parties, and everyone feels groovy. A boy of Colombian background gets tattoos of Chinese characters and Celtic crosses. We lose things on the way to America, and we gain things, too. We share both our art and our junk. We have opportunities to learn about other cultures, and even, believe it or not, the freedom to remark on or criticize other cultures. Nobody's culture remains the same forever, even in their countries of origin; the culture clash of America is simply a catalyst. Much of White America has lost its original cultural traditions and identity over time, and the same will be true for every other color of persons. But as much as we assimilate, we also hybridize with

and adopt other cultures, piece by piece and idea by idea, into our lifestyles at many levels. This grafting process is slow and painful, and fraught with misunderstandings along the way, but eventually, we arrive at Jazz. Bluegrass. Rock and Roll.

I choose to adopt my culture. I have, in a sense, become my own action figure. But in truth, it is the values I choose which define me, and nothing, not even my Mennonite heritage, not even a symbol of my culture, could define me better. And I choose to rock and roll. So, you know what? Go ahead and sell that tacky Hipster crap. Real Hipsters don't buy that shit, and I don't give a fuck if anyone else does. And if anyone chooses to be offended by anything else in the store, go right ahead. I promise, I do not give a fuck. I will suddenly give a fuck if anyone is hurt or threatened, or even directly insulted. But I don't have time to give fucks about people's feelings being indirectly hurt because they don't like a certain debatably tasteless iconography. If I meet The Elvis on the road, I will kill The Elvis.



IT ALL COMES DOWN TO UTILITY!

With my creative energy flowing into my Jolt cartoons and a really long story I am (slowly!) writing, I seem to have very little left for this article. Therefore, I have decided to use the Jolt as a springboard for this week's column, and perhaps each week's, for it seems appropriate to use this space to comment in depth on the most interesting topic discussed on the forum. This week the choice comes down to discussing cultural appropriation or the consequences of voting for Nader. I really don't feel like talking about Nader, so that means appropriation for me. Never mind that the whole thread got knocked off the board by server failure.

The poll I ran on the Jolt shows mixed opinions among Hampshire students. Only one in five students feel the Hampshire store needs to make changes, while a fourth of the students feel changes may be needed but only if we can agree on what items are offensive. One third of the voters, the largest group among all the choices, felt there should be no change, but this sector of the voting population could be overruled if the first two groups got it together. Finally, the remaining quarter of students either have no opinion or don't understand the issue, not surprising given that "cultural appropriation" and "kitschification" are not words we generally throw around everyday.

Basically, the issue seems to be this: by turning culturally significant items into trinkets and decorations, claim the signers

of the letter sent out to the community, we are devaluing those cultures' values, beliefs, and struggles. The letter is very vague as to what items in the school store are guilty of cultural appropriation, but apparently they include a Hawaiian hula doll. Perhaps this trinket makes us believe that Hawaiians spend all their time wearing grass skirts and dancing such that we fail to remember how we added their island into the Union by force, among other important aspects of their history and culture.

Or perhaps not. Even if we agree that the hula doll sheds a certain light on Hawaiians, what are the alternatives? Is merchandise supposed to show foreign cultures in a more respectable light? Maybe the store can start selling little statues showing Americans dominating the native people there for their own economic benefit. I'm sure that will make a great gift, you can put it on the dashboard of your car, or put it on your living room table as a conversation piece. They're going fast, so buy now!

If you don't like that idea then maybe merchandise has to be approved by some kind of board. So, the hula doll would have to be approved by a bunch of Hawaiian people before it can be sold. I'm sure this board would accurately represent its entire culture, and would not be bribed in the least by American interests. Right. So, if that doesn't work for you, maybe we just have to ban all culturally related items from the store. However,

I am less than certain that we should counter creating cultural stereotypes by ignoring other cultures, as would become the case if we're not allowed to have Hawaiian stuff in the stores.

In any case, I really do not think these kitsch items are offensive in a general sense. Clearly they are offensive to some people, otherwise the letter would not have been written. Simply being offensive to someone isn't a good reason to ban it. If it were, vanilla ice cream would have to be banned — I find it offensive, you know, because I don't like it. And if I wanted to press the issue, I could make some argument about how our craving for ice cream oppresses those who have to grow and harvest the vanilla beans (conveniently ignoring how the same argument applies to cocoa). Even if a lot of people are offended by something, it still should not be banned. After all, many religious people were offended by Darwin's theory of evolution, but that doesn't mean it's automatically incorrect or inappropriate.

Therefore, quite frankly I do not care that the items in the store offend some people. My only concern is whether these items actually harm any groups of people. If I buy the hula doll, will my thought pattern (if I had one) be different the next time I see a Hawaiian or am asked to make a decision that would affect that island state? Well, maybe, but for all I know the doll

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SMACK MY KITSCH UP

by: John Wibel, columnist
To begin with I would like to apologize for all the mistakes in the article written by me two issues ago. Admittedly I didn't have any of the information in front of me and the year thing was a typo, so give me a freakin' break. To all those who took care to point out my mistakes (all 6-7 of you). Thank you. Despite the few mistakes in my article you are still quite wrong.

As for this week I wanted to respond to those who wrote the letter that got so lovingly put into our mailboxes the other day. I, like many on campus have a response. I could go on about how vague the letter was; not mentioning for example what actually offended them. I could, if I were so bold, go on to point out the hypocrisy in stating that a Virgin Mary night light may in fact be ok, because all of us good Hampshire students know it's Catholicism that is the "dominant hegemonic religion" (and yes I know that statement was redundant) and therefore we should not care when any of their religious figures get kitschified. I would like to point out the fact that on this campus, Catholicism and Christianity are the repressed minority, but I won't. Oh wait, I just did!

I am however going to go after the statement that the figures in

question came from "repressed cultures" and that the images were not only turned into kitsch but were stolen from their respective cultures. This is frankly bullshit. Culture is an agglomeration of cultures that came before it and parallel it. Throughout history if you find a culture whose gods, architecture, food, etc. were better than yours, whether or not you repressed them, you took them and modified them and made them yours. The concept of pasta was stolen from China, the Roman gods were almost exact rip-offs (with the exception of the changes in name) of their Greek counterparts. Out of most of the languages we speak today, almost all were inherited from Latin. Those that weren't were stolen from some dead culture that was probably either repressed or destroyed as the culture was being assimilated into the next. This is what some call Social Darwinism. Not so much that the best win out, but that the best ideas endure until something better comes along.

As for the truly politically incorrect things, such as the Gypsy Witch Tarot cards and Hula Girl frame these were images and concepts that were cultivated at one time by the "repressed culture" in question in order to make money. Though these are in our mode of thinking outdated some still attempt

to capitalize on such things; palm and crystal ball readers still in some cases claim gypsy blood in order to claim some sort of legitimacy. Hula girls are still a large part of the tourist industry in Hawaii. Frankly when at a large Catholic gathering someone is seriously selling "Pope on a rope" (soap carved into a figure of the leader of Catholicism) and people are buying it, your argument has little sway. Even the tins with Hindu gods are sold in India. We live in a time and age of mass marketing things of even religious nature. People and cultures tend to have a sense self-mockery built in. It's called not taking yourself too seriously, try it sometime. If you are not of the cultures in question, don't speak for them, and if you are don't buy the products in question.

As far as I'm concerned however, you have the right to an opinion. But I would like to point out that your words which ended up in all of our mailboxes instead of causing a mass boycott caused a buying frenzy of the kitsch in question (according to someone who I talked to who worked there). So not only were your words poorly thought out but counter-productive. Just to let you know.



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IT ALL COMES DOWN . .

will cause me to think more kindly of this culture, if I like the doll, that is. I'll need to see some (much) evidence before I'll accept that anyone is hurt by cultural appropriation more than other people gain — because if some Hawaiians are hurt a little by the hula doll while some Americans gain a lot through monetary gains or pleasure, utility theory tells us there's no problem. And if you don't think maximizing happiness (utility) should be the goal... why not?

But, perhaps I can talk about utility theory some other time. For now, though, the verdict from inside my head is in: the Hampshire store does not need to change what it's selling.



SAGA: YOUR POLITICAL WORLD

Cafeteria. Burned instant mashed potatoes on the bottoms of metal vats. Endless steel pans of creamed corn wafting steam but never hot. A cloud of garlic surrounding the wok, an atmosphere of body odor shifting with the crowd. The chefs whistle and smile, and return to the back to refill the coffee container or to go out and smoke a butt. The students chatter with a constant din, a sound only noticeable at the screech of a profanity. My tray, etched by an unknown hand, "Tray of Doom." Yesterday it was "Tray of Eternal Life." Fork, spoon, knife, napkin. I wear a haze over my expression, my focus shifts to food, drink, and the open spaces which part the mob. A first year leans onto the emergency exit. The alarm sounds, no one hears.

PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) rates the salad bar and dairy-alternative product selection top notch at Hampshire College. Tofu, rice milk, Kashi Go-Lean, there's something for everyone. Cereal is big, so are the bagels. Some students mix their grains, starting with a base layer of Cheerios and Cracklin' Oat Bran, then moving on to the Cinnamon Toast Crunch, Cocoa Puffs, and Lucky Charms. Bagels inspire still higher methods of construction. There's butter, cream cheese, and two kinds of hummus. But PETA must not have spoken with students. If they had, they would know, "SAGA sucks."

SAGA. The word is an acronym which has lost its meaning

to those who transformed its connotation into something much more than "food service provider." SAGA is a reference point; five o'clock is "SAGA time." It is a medical condition; too many later tots lead to "SAGA belly." The word is a proclamation, a call to gathering. I listen as someone on my hall knocks upon each of the other doors, "SAGA?" she asks.

Even when SAGA was acquired by Sodexo-Marriott, students could not break the habit of referring to the dining commons by its former name. So far at Hampshire, no one has complained, but other college campuses took the change more to heart. Whitworth College in Spokane, Washington, for example, published an article in its paper, which stated, "Students refer to the dining hall as SAGA out of tradition, but it is disrespectful toward the current food service provider. How would you like to go to work everyday (sic) at the Hotel Ritz and have those that stay there call it the Motel 6?"

Well, one cannot get too carried away. With mold on the multigrain bread, and rotten clementines at the bottoms of the baskets, SAGA is far from meeting the five star standards held at the Ritz. A student may often be heard complaining, "Bad SAGA night," as she mournfully slops plain macaroni onto her Tray of Bliss. But even as this continues, the suggestion box remains largely empty and the student meetings with the director of the dining commons fail to attract hordes of participants.

SAGA is an issue, which in many ways reflects the student politics of Hampshire; distaste with a situation followed by a majority vote of apathy. Even more significantly, however, SAGA is a forum, which invites discussion on a range of issues more pertinent to the times than the quality of the cheese on the West Coast Broccoli.

"Countdown to War," a student reads from an orange flyer tossed upon the table, "sounds very NBC."

"My hall is taking bets on when the war will start," another student says.

"March!"

"No," she says, shaking her head, "My bet is February 16."

"Wow that's soon, eleven days. What are you betting with?"

"Oh, nothing, we couldn't find a bookie," she says, eyes turned down.

"Hey, wouldn't it be awesome if there were a big digital clock counting down to the war? We could all count down, five four three two...and then we'd yell something like kick ass or f--- them all!" the student laughs, pauses and says, "Yeah, I don't go in much for military folk, but they can kick ass if need be."

The conversation ends and the students shuffle out, stopping by the message board behind the front desk. Articles and flyers form a neon collage across six feet of corkboard. "Get on the Bus" one poster says, but does not say when or where. "Beware of Soy," warns a brochure, speak-

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PAINTING MY BREASTS WITH BLOOD AND HOWLING AT THE MOON

by: All Hartley, columnist

Something about college boys, man. They have all the intelligence in the world but no idea how to conduct a normal relationship. They don't believe in Valentines day. They find cute philosophical references to validate fucking you over. They can be as immature as they want to, because they've found a way to make it okay. They know the right buzzwords, they know how to work the system to screw us into compliance. And I, blinded by the polysyllabic words will nod and smile and be Above the Bullshit and helplessly call him bastard to my Sex-and-the-City-watching friends.

Goddamn you pretentious college boys. Being yourselves in ways that trivialize me being myself. How dare I want a relationship, that antiquated puritan notion of sexuality. But wait, hold on, I need to go back.

Jon Stewart is scared of War. I watch the Daily show and I see Jon Stewart say he's given up. That's enough to make me think we have a year to live. After that, it's all about the Sci fi movie. The

superhuman robots will come and we will all go underground and many people will have ears growing out of our backs like experimental mice. Also, giant insects. Giant insects are never good.

Wilder, a boy, says that by 22 we all become the person we will become. After that, we don't change much. My roommate says we've got at least till 25. In any case, if we have a war I'll be dead by 21. I'll be like cookie dough put in the toaster oven; burnt on the outside, but gooey and half formed once you flake off the crust, with only a few months to legally drink.

Why is it that girls come out of puberty more mature but less self confident? Is the Dick that big of a deal? Do boys get taken aside in some little room while we're watching kotex-sponsored puberty tapes and get told "Ok kids, you're in for some unreasonable erections during Algebra, but in a few years, you'll be master of all you survey"? I hate boys. They're dumb. I'm going to pee. Sitting down.

I don't know how these second semester Div three's do it, but every div three boy I've known has this big fucking theory about life and who they are and how they're not responsible for your feelings. After all, they have better things to worry about, don't they? Like how to get a job Studying philosophy in fucking NOHO. Haven't you ever wondered where all those hoboes come from? DIE YOU RAT BASTARD, DIE PANHANDLING FOR MONEY TO BUY CLOVES.

If I had a penis I would cut it off, stick it in a bottle, and throw it into the Connecticut River. Then it can see the world without giving anyone Herpes. Or Latex irritation.

I can deal with this if I have say, 20 years to fuck around, and vacillate regressing and progressing and pretending I have a dick and hugging my breasts, but if some asshole with a penis is going to bomb the whole hell of Iraq then I don't have time to figure out who I am and duel personalities and philosophies like either of us give half a damn.

That is all.



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ing of the dangers of product misuse. There are posters for clubs and meetings and performances. "Come join the running club!" "Meet us for knitting circle!" "Pagan Discussion Group!" "The Vagina Monologues, Please Cum!"

SAGA: A concentrated mass of students with too much to care about. Ideas are discussed, debates are battled, conclusions are reached, but each is halted with a final bite of a Tofutti Cutie and the toss of a napkin into the compost barrel. There is no time to take action or to bring things to the next level; there is homework to do, and belly dancing class to attend. If you want to carry something further from what takes place at SAGA, take an orange. Just don't take the milk; it goes sour as soon as you leave the doors.



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Something about college boys, man. They have all the intelligence in the world but no idea how to conduct a normal relationship. They don't believe in Valentines day. They find cute philosophical references to validate fucking you over. They can be as immature as they want to, because they've found a way to make it okay. They know the right buzzwords, they know how to work the system to screw us into compliance. And I, blinded by the polysyllabic words will nod and smile and be Above the Bullshit and helplessly call him bastard to my Sex-and-the-City-watching friends.

Goddamn you pretentious college boys. Being yourselves in ways that trivialize me being myself. How dare I want a relationship, that antiquated puritan notion of sexuality. But wait, hold on, I need to go back.

Jon Stewart is scared of War. I watch the Daily show and I see Jon Stewart say he's given up. That's enough to make me think we have a year to live. After that, it's all about the Sci fi movie. The

superhuman robots will come and we will all go underground and many people will have ears growing out of our backs like experimental mice. Also, giant insects. Giant insects are never good.

Wilder, a boy, says that by 22 we all become the person we will become. After that, we don't change much. My roommate says we've got at least till 25. In any case, if we have a war I'll be dead by 21. I'll be like cookie dough put in the toaster oven; burnt on the outside, but gooey and half formed once you flake off the crust, with only a few months to legally drink.

Why is it that girls come out of puberty more mature but less self confident? Is the Dick that big of a deal? Do boys get taken aside in some little room while we're watching kotex-sponsored puberty tapes and get told "Ok kids, you're in for some unreasonable erections during Algebra, but in a few years, you'll be master of all you survey?" I hate boys. They're dumb. I'm going to pee. Sitting down.

I don't know how these second semester Div three's do it, but every div three boy I've known has this big fucking theory about life and who they are and how they're not responsible for your feelings. After all, they have better things to worry about, don't they? Like how to get a job Studying philosophy in fucking NOHO. Haven't you ever wondered where all those hoboes come from? DIE YOU RAT BASTARD, DIE PANHANDLING FOR MONEY TO BUY CLOVES.

If I had a penis I would cut it off, stick it in a bottle, and throw it into the Connecticut River. Then it can see the world without giving anyone Herpes. Or Latex irritation.

I can deal with this if I have say, 20 years to fuck around, and vacillate regressing and progressing and pretending I have a dick and hugging my breasts, but if some asshole with a penis is going to bomb the whole hell of Iraq then I don't have time to figure out who I am and duel personalities and philosophies like either of us give half a damn.

That is all.



continued from previous page

ing of the dangers of product misuse. There are posters for clubs and meetings and performances. "Come join the running club!" "Meet us for knitting circle!" "Pagan Discussion Group!" "The Vagina Monologues, Please Cum!"

SAGA: A concentrated mass of students with too much to care about. Ideas are discussed, debates are battled, conclusions are reached, but each is halted with a final bite of a Tofutti Cute and the toss of a napkin into the compost barrel. There is no time to take action or to bring things to the next level; there is homework to do, and belly dancing class to attend. If you want to carry something further from what takes place at SAGA, take an orange. Just don't take the milk; it goes sour as soon as you leave the doors.





FOR WHOM THIS IS WRITTEN

This is only my second spring semester ever. Something novel, right? I'm pretty sure it will be.

So here I am, writing another of what I now consider a traditional beginning-of-the-semester Omen article. For those of you who are at all concerned, my bi-weekly Daily Jolt RoundUp™ will appear next issue, with all sorts of delicious counterfeits abundance (term attributed to Prof. Joel Upton, AC) for us to ogle over. My hope now is to take a step back from this life we're living, so that I might comment upon its nuances in some way that is- God willing- substantive.

There seems to be a trap of sorts, couching in the day-to-day progression I've come to know. Perhaps its not the kind that leaves one impaled upon rusted spikes, nor that which eviscerates, decapitates, or in so many words ends life succinctly. Rather it may be a slow and subtle occlusion of sense, until one feels so detached from the world as to render it completely alien. A pit which falls not downwards but forwards, with an elusive light somewhere ahead that looks just close enough to capture and covet, yet rebukes all attempts, half in jest. Unfortunately we are, most likely, quite serious about catching it.

And so we would fall in nearly complete willingness, at once submissive and focused, accepting that we may never end this downward spiral in return for what might (and I would venture *foolishly*) be described as 'hope'. What lies behind lacks consequence; if our flailing propels us closer to

the light then perhaps we'll take note. Otherwise we plunge ahead blindly, fairly sure we won't smack into the ground face-first. As soon as we catch that light, then we'll stop.

There are, as you are likely to have considered, many words which fit this phenomenon I attempt to describe. "Progress" is a prime vessel, implying constant improvement through novel discoveries and ideas, reducing the past to a series of instructional reference points that might educate but not enlighten. (Here, now, I use 'educate' to imply the obtaining of knowledge for discrete personal use, and 'enlighten' as the sublimation of the same knowledge for meditation and respect.) It's the thought that should one ask, "What's happening tomorrow?" the response is simply, "Something better than today." Cut-and-dry, finite, an answer without reflection. What's here now is going to be turned over, likely forgotten, and used to propel us faster and farther towards whatever it is we all want.

But is any of this new? I sincerely doubt it. I'm only taking some time to realize these thoughts, turn them from wild flurries and disturbances into description and metaphor. What's it like to make the future wait, in order to discover something forgotten long ago? Again, not a novel thought. I'm being taught to think this way- although whether for education or enlightenment remains to be seen. My point, could I be said to have one, is only to pause for a fraction of a tick and wonder. It's not unreasonable to

search backwards for something purported to be ahead, especially if we may have rushed right by. Ninety-nine percent of the time I fall forward and am perfectly content. Should I crash and snap my neck, so be it; the end will be quick, stupid, and worthless.

I'm using my first Omen article of this semester as a pointed escape, both as a humble reflection and an easy way out. "What are we, as human beings, searching for?" "Why do we seem convinced we haven't found 'it'?" "Why are we want to blindly assume the answer, the 'it', is forever in front of us?" Certainly I can ask these questions. It far easier than discussing them constantly, than being challenged and pushed to reverse gravity as if an innate talent. Tomorrow I'll be back to my happy-go-lucky self, with the substance of this entire article caught between thoughts of 'NeverWinter Nights' and clothing. What anyone else who reads this article will take away I can only guess. If you get this far, then hell, that's pretty cool. I hope some of these words somehow, ever so acutely, resonated with your own, perhaps even sparked new worthwhile ways of thinking. I only scratch the surface of such topics with these ~750 words. Perhaps to consider them more, I'll implore both you and myself to go look at a medieval cathedral, sit our asses down, and spend hours searching for why a congregation of human beings built it. If this ending sounds like a non-sequitor, I don't think it is. Just extremely difficult.



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLIV

by M. Zole

YOUR TRAINING BEGINS NOW.

YES, SENSEI.

THIS IS THE CAR. IT WAS MADE IN TAIWAN.

IF YOU PUT IT ON THE FLOOR AND PULL BACKWARDS, THE KINETIC ENERGY BUILDS UP,

AND IF YOU LET GO IT WILL SCOOT ACROSS THE FLOOR AND SLAM INTO A TABLE LEG.

BECAUSE IT'S GOT A WHEEL OR A SPRING OR SOMETHING IN THERE.

HEED WELL MY TEACHINGS!

IF YOU BACK IT UP TOO FAR IT'LL MAKE THIS CRUNCHY NOISE AND YOU'LL SCREW IT UP.

SO DON'T DO THAT.



WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE OUT WITH THIS VALENTINE'S DAY?

perfect woman. Maybe Eve.

Lauren #2 on Monday - I could be lame and give the boyfriend answer but I do have a crush on Donnie Darko.

R - I don't want to make out with someone just because it's Valentine's Day.

Zachary - Do I know anybody?

Shane - A cute first year girl.

From a girl down the hall - This girl Dasen.

Laura - Benico Del Toro.

JK - Lynn Miller/Ryan Moore.

Kate - Well, there's this woman in Zimbabwe...

Lola - I'm pretty happy with my boyfriend. I can't request anyone else.

Megan - Any hot chick.

*Em Doran - Drew Barrymore... no question... without a shadow... all day everyday...

Kate - A boy.

Kate Spear - Louai or David Bowie.

Sara - I want to make out with Henry Rollins... I just saw him perform live...

Patrick - So many options, I don't know.

Ebony - Morris Chestnut.

Kate - Good question. I'm gonna go with my main man... Eddie Vedder.

I gotta go with Eddie Vedder.

Gabe - My girlfriend.

Dan - Gabe's girlfriend.

Anonymous - Suar.

BillyBob - Winona Ryder.

Jen - Probably Ani Defranco.

Moriah - George Clooney.

I've made it my personal mission to have sex with him.

All it takes is being at the right place... with the right dress...

Brandi - Just a particular Umass boy.

Anonymous first year - Steve Hall.

Lindsay - Anybody. I'd like it if they could dance well and preferably if they were attractive. They gotta be purty.

*Justin - I'd go gay for Einstein. I would reevaluate my position in the breeding pool if Einstein came back from the dead and offered me his tongue in the night.

Dr Taylor - I'm tempted to say Jamie Lee Curtis but only because I saw her in a movie recently.

Nathan - My hand.

Squid - David Bartlett.

Maude Gonne - Tom Sellack

Kelsey - Jesus Christ. (does he have to have the beard, though?)

Kai - My girlfriend.

Jess - Tommy Lee.

Colin - The really angry llama down at the farm. Anything works. I don't know.

Jersey - Huh. Um. That's a good question. Ah. I think I'd have to say Brody of the Distillers.

T.G. - I'd like to make out with Perry Farrell of Jane's Addiction.

Louai - My girlfriend.

Lusty first year - This really hot boy on the activist floor.

Ingrid - I'm not answering that question.

R.H. - This girl that I met

named Mikiko.
Jen - Rob from the school store.

Lucas - girlfriend.
*Shawn - I feel like I want to make out with Julianne Moore or Virginia Woolf.

Rebecca - I'm split between Alli and the Prince of Sweden.

Sarah - I guess I'll say Ben. Woman who came into the store with her dog - My lover.

Barry - Not just one person.

Justin#2 - Ooh, that's a good one. No one, like usual.

Ellie - Jorge. I kind of want to make out with Bridget Bardot but she's old now.

Jorge - I'll say Ellie just 'cause she said she wanted to make out with me.

Jesse - No one.

Sachar - Thom York.

Jennifer Jackson - Mr. Abraham Z. Klein, my lover of two years.

Anonymous person - I want to make out with myself.

Belle - Ed.

*Adam - Probably one of my Fall orientees.

Kim - Vin Diesel.
Aja - Angelina Jolie please, and thank you. Or your mom.
Anonymous - Will Guy.
Rebecca - No one.
Michael - You know that girl, Jessica Alba? She's been on my mind recently. I don't know why though.

Hilary - A cute guy.
Elizabeth - The person I have my first date with tonight. She's a Smithy.

*Sarah - I want to make out with lots of people. I just can't pick.

Julia - I'd like to make out with Johnny Depp.

Paul - How about... Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney.

*Tobias - Kate Hudson or myself.

R.C. - I made out with everyone already.

Caitlin - Mel Gibson or Edward Norton.

Danielle - Someone who's bathed in the last 24 hours and doesn't have bad breath.

Floss, people!

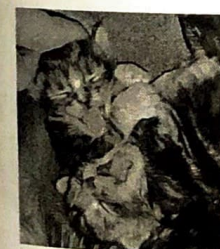
Alex#2 - my girlfriend.



Ms. McNamara's note-this poll was done for fun titillating purposes. no harm was meant toward any lovers or kissers above mentioned. No promises have been made nor commitments given. (That said: * = people I'd like to make out with).



AND NOW, KITTIES



THE OMEN PRESENTS FEBS WHO MADE THIS COUNTRY GREAT

COMPILED BY MICHAEL ZOLE

Hey Febs! Think you're alone in this crazy world we call Hampshire? Think your minority status as a Spring admission makes you a freak? It does! But don't feel bad: believe it or not, some of the world's great personalities were Febs!



Jimmy Stewart, one of America's most beloved actors, starred in such memorable films as "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington", "It's a Wonderful Life", "Harvey", and "Vertigo". While he never took acting lessons, his small-town demeanor brought a unique and enduring appeal to his roles. **Jimmy Stewart was a Feb!**

Considered by many to be the first computer programmer, Ada Byron Lovelace was a mathematical visionary. Her work with Charles Babbage's Analytical Engine set the stage for modern computing more than a century before the first computers. With her background in the liberal arts, Lady Lovelace foresaw the use of computers to compose music and graphics. **Ada Lovelace was a Feb!**



One of the greatest military leaders of the 20th century, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the "Desert Fox" earned his nickname for his successful campaign against the British in Africa. Despite a formidable opponent even when undersupplied and outnumbered, Rommel never joined the Nazi party and even took part in a conspiracy to oust Hitler, for which he was ultimately forced to commit suicide. **Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the "Desert Fox", was a Feb!**

Philo T. Farnsworth first conceived the idea of electronic television at age 14. Dedicating his life to his invention, he managed to transmit a picture from a simple camera to a receiver tube by the age of 21. Though his invention was ultimately perfected and patented, a lengthy battle with RCA ultimately left him without royalties, and he received little recognition until much later. **Philo T. Farnsworth was a Feb!**



While labels were initially reluctant to sign her, Suzanne Vega's debut album sold over 200,000 copies and paved the way for later alternative-folk singer-songwriters with her Leonard Cohen-inspired sound. Her 1987 hit "Luka" and a dance remix of her a cappella song "Tom's Diner" rocketed her to international stardom and the Liliith Fair. **Suzanne Vega was a Feb!**



Chun-Li is an Interpol special agent and master of wushu-style Kung Fu. While investigating her father's disappearance, she uncovered M. Bison and his criminal network, Shadaloo. Her efforts to bring Bison to justice have led to her participation in the international Street Fighter tournament, earning her the title of "strongest woman in the world". **Chun-Li was a Feb!**